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Bloomfield's Local Paper.

1875.

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Real Estate Transactions,
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intelligence. Everything of importance appearing
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plete, Reliable and Dependable

History of the Village

and its vicinity, well worthy of preservation. Be-
sides local features, it is hoped to make the Cor-
respondence, Original and Selected Articles of
Literature, etc., rare and attractive as well as high-
lighted and thoroughly moral in tendency.

S. M. HULIN, Publisher.
Office on Glenwood Ave., Near M. & E. Depot.

The Bloomfield Record.

S. M. HULIN, Publisher.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

Vol. III. No. 9.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J. FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1875.

Whole No. 113.

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NIGHT AND MORNING.

It was a wild, windy night, and the
light snow filled the air with fine, cutting
particles; a night when a good fire and
the society of friends become vitally es-
sential to a man's comfort and happi-
ness.

Margaret Edgerton arose from her seat
by the scanty fire, and, opening the door
looked out upon the night. She stood a
moment, then with a shudder, she closed
the door and returned to her husband's
side.

"Heaven pity those who are exposed
to the storm this night," she said fer-
vently.

"Amen!" responded her husband, in a
deep solemn voice. "Though we are
very poor, Margaret, there are many
even poorer than ourselves."

The man raised his dark, serious eyes
devoutly upward, and the fair, youthful
head of his pale wife leaned down to his
shoulders.

"Yes, William, I tremble to think of
the future. The rent due, our stay here
only an act of mercy on our landlord's
part—oh, Willie!"

The feeble voice broke down in tears.
"Take no thought for the morrow
what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink,"
Margaret. "If it hadn't been for misfor-
tune," and he glanced at the mutilated
and bandaged arm which hung power-
less at his side, "two might have been en-
joying the fruits and comforts of my
labor; but it is all for the best, I sup-
pose."

There was a short silence in the room,
which was interrupted by a rap at the
door.

"Who can be out on such a night?"
and Mrs. Edgerton started up hastily to
admit the visitor.

He was an old, weather-beaten man of
some three score years, shabby dressed,
and carrying in his hand a lean, meagre
bundle.

In reply to her kind invitation, he fol-
lowed Mrs. Edgerton into the house, and
took a seat by the smouldering fire. Af-
ter a few common-place remarks, the
stranger said:

"It's a rough night, friends, and the
traveling is none the best—can you let
me stay all night here? A man has just
told me that it is a good four miles to
the village." Mr. Edgerton looked at his
wife, and her sympathizing face read
her consent.

"Yes, my good man," he replied, im-
mediately, "you can stay here if you will;
but I'm afraid you will find our accom-
modations none the best. We are very
poor and destitute, but such as we have
we offer you freely."

"Could you give me something to eat?"
I have traveled far to-day, and have not
tasted food since yesterday night! Food
cannot be got now-a-days without money."

The eyes of Mrs. Edgerton filled with
tears as she thought of the quarter of
bread—their earthly all—which she
had reserved for breakfast.

"Heaven will take care of us," she
said, thoughtfully, and, rising, she placed
the scanty store upon the table.

The stranger ate the bread without com-
ment and when he had finished he
seemed wonderfully invigorated, and
conversed quite intelligently with Mr.
Edgerton.

"You have a bad arm there, sir; may I
ask how it happened?"
"Certainly, an unlucky fall from a high
building has crippled me for life."

"You were at work on the building?"
A mechanic, eh?"
"A bricklayer. The staging on a new
warehouse where I was at work gave
way, and I was precipitated some twenty
feet."

"The warehouse of Mr. Morgan?"
"The same, sir. It was a sad accident
for me, but I have tried hard to be re-
conciled."

"Well, this is a hard life; hard for us
all but if I'm to stay with you to-night,
I may as well retire. It's getting toward
eleven."

The poor but clean bed appropriated
to the stranger guest was made more
comfortable by additional clothing taken
from the couch of the poor couple; and
the man, in apparent thankfulness, bid
them good night, and retired.

They, too, leaning on the everlasting
arm, took no thought of the morrow,
though it was to see them houseless and
without food. Verily, that faith which
can sustain the soul in the most trying
moments is no delusion.

Morning came, and, to the unlimited
surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Edgerton, their
guest was missing. Gone, when or how
they could not imagine, but gone he cer-
tainly was.

They wondered over the circumstance,
but in the trouble and anxiety of their
utter destitution the stranger man was
soon dismissed from thoughts to make
room for their own immediate affairs.

Ten o'clock was the time given them
by the landlord for removal, and with
heavy hearts they prepared to go forth.
Through the kindness of a neighbor,
they had been allowed the use of the
building for the storage of their furniture
and a room in his house until Mr. Ed-
gerton's health should be sufficiently re-

established to admit of his performing
some light labor.

Nine o'clock pealed from the bell in
the neighboring church tower—but one
short hour of home life remained for
them.

Fifteen minutes later, there came a
quick imperative knock at the door of
Mr. Edgerton's house.

Mrs. Edgerton sprang to open it, and
a well-dressed man put a large packet
into her hand, and turned hastily away.

The package was addressed, in a bold,
masculine hand:

"Mr. William Edgerton."
William tore it open, and there
dropped out two papers, one being of-
ficial, the private seal. He examined the
former and found it to be a deed, con-
veying to him and heirs a certain piece
of land with a large and handsome house
thereon and all its appurtenances.

Transfused with surprise, he broke the
seal of the latter, and a hundred pound
note met his eye, accompanied by these
brief words:

"Last night you freely gave your all to
a poor and destitute wayfarer, who now
begs you to accept the accompanying
deed and money, in reward for your no-
ble kindness. A conveyance will come
immediately to take you to your new
residence. When you are fairly estab-
lished there, your friend, the writer of
this will do himself the honor of call-
ing upon you."

Respectfully yours,

"HOWARD MORGAN."

William Edgerton looked at his wife
as he finished reading, and both burst
into tears. Well did they know the
name of Howard Morgan—it was that
of one of the wealthiest men in the city;
the upright and high-minded but singu-
larly eccentric old bachelor. It was his
employ that William Edgerton had re-
ceived the serious injury which had
disabled his left arm for life, yet, strange
to say, he had never seen the rich man,
his business being transacted principal-
ly by agent. He had now no doubt
that his visitor of the previous night was
none other than Mr. Morgan.

True to the promise contained in the
letter, a conveyance came for the
Edgartons, and without hesitation they
entered and were driven to their hand-
some and pleasantly situated house.

They found it prepared for immediate
occupancy—even to the burning of the
plentiful fires and the smoking break-
fast upon the table.

They had scarcely had time to a minute
the rich taste which had furnished the
spacious rooms when a ring at the door
announced a visitor. It was the old way-
farer of the night before.

He received all the grateful thanks the
bewildered Edgartons tried to make to
him, and, taking a seat upon the sofa,
he drew them down on each side of him.

He was well dressed now, and Mrs.
Edgerton wondered that she had not
noticed the extreme kindness of his
countenance on the preceding evening.

"My good friends," he said, taking a
hand of each, "I'll begin to explain a
little of this mystery. I had heard of
the misfortune of one of my workmen,
through my agent, and that his family
were in destitute circumstances. Before
I could trust myself to do anything for
you I wished to ascertain the true state
of affairs, and last night's experience
taught me. When I felt charity and
true goodness anywhere, am deter-
mined that they shall be rewarded, even in
this world. And now, Mr. Edgerton, I
am in want of a deputy manager, and I
propose the situation to you, whenever
you shall be able to endure the fatigue.
The salary is two hundred pounds a year,
and perhaps your pretty wife can manage
affairs comfortably on but, oh, Mrs.
Edgerton?" and the old man cast a good
humored look into her tear-stained face.

That was a happy day for Mr. and Mrs.
Edgerton. It was also happy for the
charitable Mr. Morgan, and no
doubt the angel who reveals the good
deeds of man wrote many shining lines
against his name that day. William
Edgerton assumed the post offered him
in his patron's establishment, and faith-
fully were his duties discharged, and
more than satisfied was his employer.

Mrs. Edgerton grew to the merriest,
blithest, little woman to be found any-
where.

Mr. Morgan spends many a delightful
evening at their house, holding their
bright-eyed little Howie on his knee,
and telling him pleasant stories of the
great and good.

Blessed be charity!

A very interesting tale of the old
French and Indian wars—exhibited in
the show-window of J. W. Brandon, hav-
ing been handed down for a distant re-
lative of Mr. Brandon. It is a powder
horn covered with curious carvings,
among which is the following inscription,
which tells its story: "Bob Bogardus,
His horn, made at Oswego Oct. 18, 1759."

Beside this, there is a bird's-eye
view of old Fort Niagara with cannon
balls falling in it, some sited drawings
of deer, a horse tied to a tree, and the
royal arms of England including the
supporting lion and unicorn, and the
mottoes, "Honi soit qui mal y pense,"
and "Dieu et mon droit." The whole
is very artistically executed.

In the Bottom Drawer

I saw my wife pull out the bottom
drawer of the old family bureau this
evening and went softly out and wander-
ed up and down, until she shut it up and
went to her sewing. We have some things
laid away in that drawer, which the gold
of kings could not buy, and yet they are
relics which grieve us until both our
hearts are sore. I haven't dared to look
at them for a year, but I remember each
article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip
bat with part of the brim gone, and some
stockings, pants, a coat, two or three
spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip
and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes
to that drawer every day of her life and
prays over it and lets her tears fall upon
the precious articles, but I dare not go!

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but
not often. It has been a long time, but
somehow we can't get over grieving. He
was such a burst of sunshine into our
lives that his going away has been like
covering our every-day existence with a
pall. Sometimes when we sit alone, of
an evening, I writ and she sews, and
an child on the street will call out, as our
poor boy used to, and we will start up
with beating hearts and a wild hope, only
to find the darkness more of a burden
than ever.

It is still and quiet now. I look at the
window where his blue eyes used to
sparkle at my coming, but he is not there.
I listen for his patter of feet, his merry
shout and his ringing laugh, but there
is no sound. There is no one to climb
over my knees, no one to search my
pockets and tease for presents, and I
never find the chairs turned over, the
broom down or roped tied to the door
knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my
knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my
ax; to follow me to the gate when I go
and to there to meet me when I come;
to call "good night" from the little bed,
now empty. And wife misses him still
more. There are no little feet to wash;
no prayers to say; no voice teasing for
lumps of sugar or sobbing with the pain
of a hurt toe; and she would give her
own life, almost,